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Dedicated to
MUM & DAD



Editorial

"A Tribute To Our Parents"

Somehow or other, it doesn't seem necessary to express appreciation to those 'whose understanding hearts' have intimately shared all our joys and sorrows of the past three years, and yet our book of memories would be incomplete were not these pages gratefully and lovingly dedicated to "Mum and Dad."

From that very first day when the excitement and enthusiasm of our new adventure were overshadowed by the sorrow and heartache of having to leave home, throughout the ensuing years when trials and difficulties made the goal seem so unattainable—to the happy day that saw the achievement of our ambition and the realization of our ideals, there has been behind us a comforting, sympathizing and encouraging force—the love and pride of those eyes shine today with the joy of our success.

May that light never grow dim and the trust and confidence you have placed in us be realized in its fullest measures as you watch with legitimate pride of parenthood, your own "little girl" going through life an "angel of mercy"—trained in the high standards of the Nursing Profession and ready to be of service to God and to suffering humanity because of the loving, generous self-sacrificing spirit of "Mum and Dad."

Your Loving Daughters,

"THE GRADUATES OF '46."

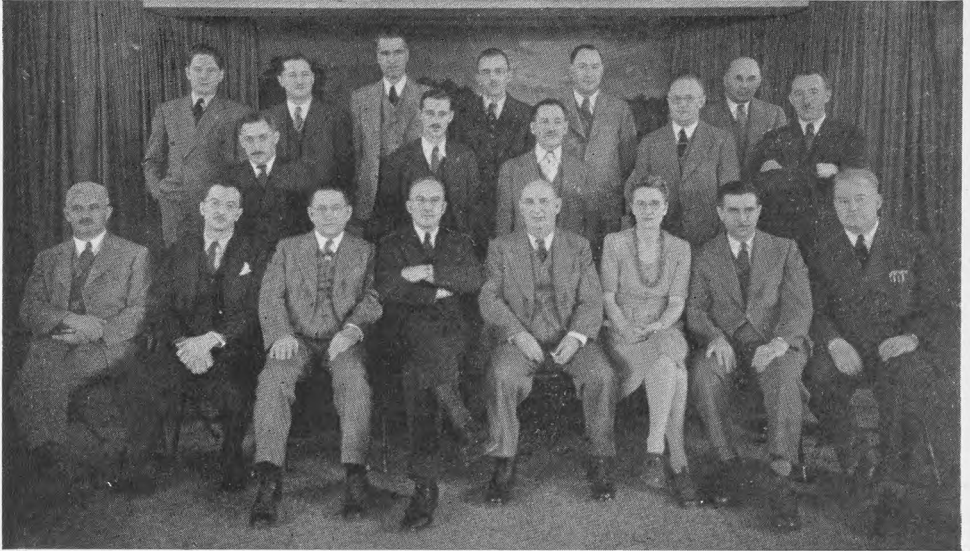
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SOME OF OUR DOCTORS



To the **CLASS OF '46**

On behalf of the members of the Honorary Attending Staff of the St. Boniface Hospital, I extend to you, the Class of 1946, our heartfelt congratulations on your graduation. Your work has been particularly arduous during the past three years and your continued loyalty to duty has in many ways assisted the Attending Staff in maintaining a high standard of efficiency in our Hospital.

You are going out into a world which is still unsettled, although at peace. The knowledge, the spirit of helpfulness, the calm patience you have acquired in your training is greatly needed not only by the sick but by the communities in which you will live. As a Graduate of this Hospital you have been prepared to take your place as a good citizen as well as a trained Nurse. You have learned much and your education will continue. The foundation has been well laid and your teachers will follow your progress with pride.

The Honorary Attending Staff wishes me to thank you for your three years of conspicuous service and offers best wishes for your success as Graduates.

DR. R. W. RICHARDSON,
President of Staff.

Staff Doctors



ANAESTHETICS

Dr. Marjorie Bennett
Dr. J. Nylander
Dr. G. Law
Dr. M. Carbotte

SURGERY

Dr. P. H. McNulty
Dr. S. S. Peikoff
Dr. A. T. Gowren
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. A. M. Goodwin
Dr. A. C. Abbott

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Dr. J. Bourgouin
Dr. E. Stephenson

GYNECOLOGY

Dr. C. R. Rice
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. M. Rady

OBSTETRICS

Dr. S. Kobrinsky
Dr. H. Guyot
Dr. R. L. Howden
Dr. M. Carbotte

RADIOLOGISTS

Dr. Simpson
Dr. Wheeler
Dr. Edmison
E. E. N. T.
Dr. M. Clare
Dr. H. Grieve

DENTISTS

Dr. Black
Dr. Weir
Dr. Possalis

V.D.

Dr. Backman

PATHOLOGIST

Dr. J. Prendergast

MEDICINE

Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. J. C. Hossack
Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. I. Pearlman

DERMATOLOGY

Dr. G. Brock

PEDIATRICS


Dr. G. Shapera
Dr. N. Book

ORTHOPEDICS

Dr. H. Funk
Dr. K. C. McGibbon

PROCTOLOGY

Dr. J. Bourgouin



To The Graduating Class of '46

Dear Fellow Students:

You have paid me a great compliment by asking me to write a message for your Year Book.

You have now finished your course of training at St. Boniface Hospital. I know it has been long, and sometimes difficult and tedious, but I am sure it has also been pleasant and profitable. I would like to suggest that you do not allow yourselves to forget the last three years, not even the difficult and tedious part of them, and almost certainly you will not forget the pleasant parts.

Memories are good companions. They do not force themselves upon you but can be called up at will—and what a host of memories you must have. The memory of difficult periods in your training called to your assistance in other difficult times will remind you that you successfully won out and can do so again. The memory of an exhibition of courage so often seen demonstrated by patients who were very, very ill and sometimes facing death, will inspire you with a similar courage when it is required.

The memory of the good fellows you met among your own classmates, and even sometimes the surprise that finally came to you when you realized just how good someone was when you did not quite expect it. The memory of the tolerance with which others accepted you,—tolerance of your race and religion and tolerance of your personal peculiarities. These things will refresh you. They ought also to make you tolerant. The memory of the good times you have had while in training, for it has not all been hard work. There must have been a lot of fun, good wholesome fun, and please don't forget that part either.


This, then, is a message I would like to give you:

Your memories can be good companions: They will not impose upon you, but will come to your assistance when asked to do so.

Sincerely yours,

C. R. RICE, M.D., C.M.,
Chief of Dept. of Gynecology,
St. Boniface Hospital.

Patrons



Dr. C. W. Duncan
Dr. B. Bachynski
Dr. Sam Kobrinsky
Dr. M. Carbotte
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. Solomon Kobrinsky
Dr. S. S. Peikoff
Dr. K. C. McGibbon
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Dr. H. Funk
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Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. Jac. Hollenberg
Dr. G. Brock
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Abbott Clinic
Dr. P. H. McNulty
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. C. R. Rice
Dr. D. Wheeler
Dr. J. Simpson
Dr. E. P. Angelle
Dr. H. Edmison

MESSAGE *from* SISTER BRODEUR

Superintendent of Nurses

My Dear Nurses:

With you all I rejoice on this happy event of your graduation.

After three years of study and dutiful service to the sick you have now attained the goal of your ambitions. May your ideal of charity and devotedness never dim through the years and may God grant you His most precious blessings and success.

Yours sincerely,

Rev. Sister A. BRODEUR,
Superintendent of Nurses.



MESSAGE *from* SISTER SUPERIOR

The Nursing Profession has never in the history of our Country, nay of the whole world, become so prominent as it has during the last and unparalleled conflagration. The role played by the Nurses, directly or indirectly, in this drama, has placed their Profession among those who have deserved of their Country. Their very training, which implies devotedness and self sacrifices, particularly prepare and destine them to give primacy to the spiritual rather than to the human values of life.

We are proud, and with every good reason, of our graduates and offer them our heartiest congratulations along with the assurance of our humble prayers, so that the Eternal Father may continue to inspire and guide them in the carrying out of their noble career which brings solace and relief to suffering humanity.

Sister Albina BOISVERT, S.G.N.
General Superintendent and Superior.

Graduation Joys AS TOLD TO A YOUNG SISTER

Imagine—my graduation day! Certainly never thought it would arrive.

Jeeppers, am I ever tired; guess I got about three hours sleep—I can never sleep when I'm excited, can you? Wonder how my hair will turn out? Guess I'd better take the curler out or it'll be all frizzy—probably will be anyway—Oh well, I still have six hours to think about looking right.

How's the weather? No! I can't believe it—sun's shining! It'll rain before this afternoon for sure—so keep your fingers crossed.

Somehow I can't realize that we were able to get everyone settled in real honest-to-goodness hotel rooms. I hope no one's feelings are hurt because they didn't get tickets for graduation. Probably left someone important out, but I'll hear if I did.

I wonder how the flowers will look? Remember the dream I had in which everyone forgot to order the flowers? Pat, maybe you'd better bring crocuses, just in case.

Do you really think my pictures will turn out well? Oh, well, you don't have to be so blunt.

Look at the time—I'll have to get started—no thanks, couldn't eat a thing, for a change.

Well—look at me—I'm nearly ready. Does my pin look straight? My fingers are sore from trying to get it right. And have I too much lipstick on—or enough? What if I sneeze during the ceremony—I'll be so embarrassed, not to mention the red nose I'll probably have for the reception. And if I don't sneeze, I'll trip for sure.

Even now I shudder at the thought of trying to find everyone at the reception.

And when I think of the sleep I'm going to lose tonight because of today's excitement—but things like this just happen once.

I think it'll be a lot of fun, don't you?

MARION FERG.

s m i l e s

*Give smiles, and more will come to you,
Give help and never trouble,
Give joys to others here and there
And yours will surely double.
Give of your strength to those with less,
Give reverence to sorrow,
Give thoughtful gentleness today
And then again tomorrow.
Give with an open hand and heart,
Give with full faith, believing
That open hands and open hearts
Are constantly receiving.
Give love to every thought you think,
For love is constant giving,
Then wait and watch real riches come
To all your life and living.*

*(With apologies to Alfred
Lord Tennyson)*

graduates

Valedictory

Today, May the eighth, is to most of us here a very important day. To us the graduating class it is the day for which we have worked and planned for three years; the dream day we scarcely dared believe would come true. To you, our parents and friends, it is the day on which you share with us a great honor and wish us luck and good fortune.

The preparation we have had for our noble work has been serious and thorough, but as we pause for a moment to see in retrospect the three years that have elapsed, many pleasant and interesting events which may seem trivial to others have left us very vivid memories. Our first Christmas party, for many of us our first Christmas away from home; the donning of our new caps which sat like crowns upon our heads; the summer holidays when we were once again reunited to our families; the long hours spent poring over books to initiate ourselves to the mysteries that had to be understood to pass our qualifying examinations; then the thrill of receiving our blue bands accompanied by much importance! We cannot forget lectures and classes or our first day in the operating room. All these formed the warp and woof of the fabric of our nursing education. Soon we found ourselves with yellow bands, a trifle bewildered, as we realized that we weren't as clever and overpowering as we as cap-nurses considered other yellow bands to be.

By this route we have travelled to arrive to today, the unforgettable day on which we receive our black bands, medals and diplomas and enter our professional career as graduate nurses. There is much to do in the field that lies before us, and with the eagerness of youth, we anticipate with pleasure the new tasks, the new friends, but we will always cherish the memories of our Alma Mater and of our student days.

What have they done for us that we deem them so important? They have fashioned us from the raw material received three years ago, timid and frightened, yet eager girls, into the confident, happy women we feel we are today.

You have watched us mature, you have helped us develop. We hope you are well satisfied with the finished product of these three years.

Now we must look to the future. We are urgently needed, we must try to serve in the best manner possible. We must gain experience but we must capably use the knowledge we have already acquired. During the past years of war, nurses had marvelous opportunities in every field of their work. Now we may work hand in hand with other members of our profession as we help to maintain the peace.

To the future students, the nurses following us, we wish the happiness which we had in training. We also wish that you may experience the same feeling of satisfaction and complete joy on your own graduation day. We will miss you and we will reminisce as each May comes upon us.

We will try not to fail you, all of you who have taught us the meaning of this noble profession. Today we have reached the summit of our dreams. We must not falter. We must go on.

Sisters, graduates and instructresses who have guided and helped us through these years, we thank you sincerely from the bottom of our hearts. Doctors who have given freely of your valuable time, you have had a major part and important task in our education, and you have done your part well. To you, our parents, love and thanks for the sacrifice and unselfishness by which you made our three years' training possible. A special little "Thank You" to the many boy friends who have been most patient and understanding. We do not forget our friends and their kind hospitality. Thank you, seems so inadequate, yet there are no other words to express all we feel.

To my classmates, I would like to express my appreciation for the honor and privilege of giving the valedictory address. I hope I have expressed a portion of the sentiments in the heart of each one of you.

I am proud, as all of you are, to be a member of this 1946 graduating class.

IRENE E. WALLWIN.

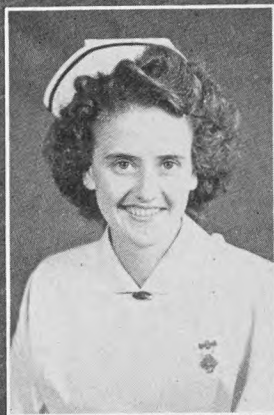
DOROTHY CAMERON,
NEWDALE, MAN.

She's up in the morning bright
early
And about her work with her
ready smile;
She comes off at night, our
same sweet girlie,
We know she will make her
life worthwhile.



MARGARET McKAY,
CANORA, SASK.

Busy as a bumble bee,
Morning, noon and night,
Letters, phone calls, stepping
out,
Fill her with delight.



MARJORIE MANSON,
NORWOOD, MAN.

A bright, lilting giggle,
And sweet, pretty face,
No one can take
Our president's place.



ANNE SIMAIR,
SPRINGSIDE, SASK.

Annie is a maiden
Full of fun and jollity,
To see her otherwise
Would be a novelty.



PHYLLIS MARTIN,
MEDORA, MAN.

A friend in need is a friend
indeed,
She's quiet and unassuming,
She's always ready to cheer us
along
When our troubles seem dark
and looming.



CONNIE LEACH,
INDIAN HEAD, SASK.

Dignified, industrious,
And wise,
Yet mischief lurks
In her brown eyes.





GERMAINE ALARIE,
ST. AGATHE, MAN.

If work there is any to do,
You'll find this girl sailing
right through;
She's a peach of a pal, an all
round good gal,
But have you ever seen her in
a stew?



LEE HASKELL,
LINTLAW, SASK.

There's no one like Haskell,
She beats them all,
Her pranks and her humor
Are known to us all.



KATHLEEN BATTY,
HARTNEY, MAN.

When work begins
To make us glum,
Batty and humor
Soon make things hum.



ETHEL McBRIDE,
ROBLIN, MAN.

She finished her training
All in one piece,
How did she do it?
Will wonders ne'er cease?



IRENE WALLWIN,
REGINA, SASK.

Diamond socks are her spe-
cialty,
Along with nights on St. Jos.
But she still has time for
frivolity,
Music, dancing and beaus.



ELIZABETH MCCARTHY,
ST. JAMES, MAN.

A sweet little
Irish colleen,
Sunshine follows
Where'er she's been.

MARGARET VOTH,
ARNAUD, MAN.

Serious, kind-hearted and true,
A successful finish in view,
May her future be full of the
best
And her life with happiness
blest.

MARION STEEVES,
CARNDUFF, SASK.

Bright and early she begins
her day,
Letting no obstacle stand in
her way;
Outdoor life she lives with ease,
Happy and carefree, easy to
please.

DOROTHY EVANS,
CARMAN, MAN.

Dotty's here to prove to you
She can both work and play,
She's been a pal to one and all,
She comes from Carman way.

MARION FERG,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Fashions and music,
Drama and shows,
You'll see her with Batty
Where'er she goes.

ELSIE SYSLAK,
CLANWILLIAM, MAN.

Put my hair in a net—
Do you want me to be
An old-fashioned maiden?
No, not on a bet!

YVONNE MERCIER,
ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

The doors bang, the clothes fly,
She's puffing and out of breath,
She looks at her watch and
wonders why
She's rushing—only to work to
death.





**NOELLINE GAGNON,
ST. BONIFACE, MAN.**

Gay, petite,
Lots of fun,
Inquisitive soul
Is our "Toutonne."



**AMY GRAYSTON,
NEWDALE, MAN.**

Serious, dependable,
An all round good nurse,
From over-dosing penicillin
She's come out none the worse.



**GERALDINE BEIGLER,
REGINA, SASK.**

Happy-go-lucky
And full of fun,
Never a worry
Under the sun.



**THELMA COUTTS,
NORWOOD, MAN.**

Slim and efficient,
A gay one to meet,
Settles fights on third,
To know her's a treat.



**FLORENCE PEEL,
SELKIRK, MAN.**

"I'll be glad when I'm finished
And can do as I please—
"I'll sleep all day, stay up all
night,
And lead a life of ease."



**HELEN WARKENTIN,
STEINBACH, MAN.**

Singing in the bathtub,
Singing in the rain,
Shrieking down the corridor—
Warky's here again!

EVELYN FRAIN,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Bright and happy personality,
True to herself and her school,
Possessed of a versatility
Calm, collected and cool.



JANE HYLAND,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Sitting on the doorstep
Is really lots of fun,
But when your glasses get hot
Don't blame it on the sun.



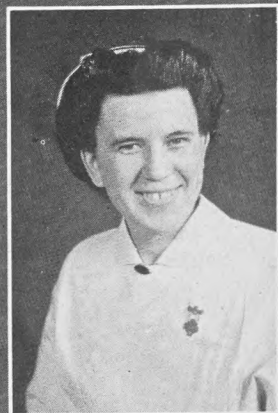
XENIA HRUSHOWY,
SIFTON, MAN.

She flirts and she winks,
Doctors are her delight,
Life is one big adventure
From morning till night.



HEDWIG LOEWEN,
GRETNA, MAN.

When troubles arise
Wiggy's there to assist,
Her kind nature and friendship
Is hard to resist.



MARY BEATTIE,
ST. VITAL, MAN.

Quiet, modest,
A mirthful worker,
You can never accuse her
Of being a shirker.



GRETA WHITE,
HARTE, MAN.

She loves to whistle,
She loves to sing.
What would we do
Without our "Bing"?





DORIS MULLIN,
ROLAND, MAN.

A fair little maid
With many things on her mind,
She'll outdo herself
To be sweet-tempered and kind.



NORMA LYON,
WHITEWOOD, SASK.

Full of humor, kind and true,
A good friend to have at your
side.
And has it ever occurred to you
A bank account — she might
hide?



ALICE CRUSE,
ST. VITAL, MAN.

She comes to class,
We don't know why,
She sits and sleeps,
And to wake her—just try!



IRENE HEBERT,
REGINA, SASK.

Proverbs are really not in our
line,
But here's one we can't over-
look:
"A hair in the head is worth
two in the brush"—
It's a favorite in Irene's book.



MARGARET LEITHEAD,
SELKIRK, MAN.

At styling she's really a whiz,
And her knowledge of books is
immense,
She's outstanding in any quiz,
But her future leaves us in
suspense.



BERNICE GILMOUR,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

I love the O.R.
No. I'll take a P.G.
Yet I long for the States—
What's my future to be?

AUDREY McBEAN,
ELKHORN, MAN.

A mischievous grin,
A twinkle in her eye.
We wonder what's cooking
When Audrey is nigh.

MARY MACKAY,
POPE, MAN.

Never let work interfere with
a rest,
That's Mary's theory, it's one
of the best;
Through chickenpox, measles,
come what may,
She'll let nothing stand in her
way.

BETTY SELICK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Red-headed,
Smiling and sweet,
May her life be
Always complete.

LOIS MacDONALD,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Here, there, and everywhere
Lois loves to go,
She loves to dance, she loves
to sing,
And does she tease—oh, no!

NELLIE FEDKOWSKI,
SELKIRK, MAN. (Picture missing)

We're glad to have her
Back in our midst,
Fitzi's one girl
We sure have missed.





CATHERINE THOMAS,
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

East met West
And a friendship arose,
No better pals
Can be found than those.



STELLA KRAWCHUK,
LLOYDMINSTER, SASK.

Stella loves to sew and knit,
But don't think she is slow of
wit,
Her merry laugh and ready
smile
Have helped to make our days
worthwhile.



JEANNETTE SABOURIN,
ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

Dancing is her pride and joy
Along with styles and fashions,
She tries her best to not annoy
Or gripe about the rations.



ANITA GLEBOFF,
KAMSACK, SASK.

A mystifying little miss,
We never know what's on her
mind,
And when it comes to O.R.
nights
She certainly is hard to find.



WILHELMINA HUTCHISON,
DRYDEN, ONT.

Her head in the clouds,
Her feet firm on the ground,
Things start humming
When Hutchy's around.



HELEN SHEAD,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Dark-eyed and efficient,
A friend on whom to call,
Her constant friendly questions
Have often bewildered us all.

Nurses Pledge . . .

I pledge myself to a life of personal purity and womanly dignity and to the maintenance of the high standard of my profession. I pledge unswerving loyalty to the best traditions of my Alma Mater, and I promise never to take or administer harmful drugs or to become a guilty party to any criminal attempt upon human life.

I pledge perfect fidelity and conscientious obedience to the directions and instructions of the physician or surgeon under whom I am serving and I will devote myself conscientiously, painstakingly and wholeheartedly to the care of the patients whose very lives are committed to my care.

Lastly, I pledge myself to keep sacred and inviolable whatever matters of an intimate nature may come to my knowledge in the home where I am called to serve.

HONORARY PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

THE ALUMNAE of the S.B.H. School of Nursing Prize

Awarded to Marjorie Manson

BEDSIDE NURSING

Presented by Dr. C. R. Rice

Awarded to Phyllis Martin, January Class

Presented by Dr. M. Rady

Awarded to Helen Shead, September Class

OBSTETRICAL NURSING

Presented by Dr. S. Kobrinsky and Dr. H. Guyot

Awarded to Germaine Alarie

HIGHEST STANDING IN THEORY

Presented by Dr. D. S. McEwen

Awarded to Amy Grayston

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Presented by Dr. R. W. Richardson

Awarded to Alice Dereniwski

JUNIOR CLASS

Presented by Dr. P. H. McNulty

Awarded to Audrey Dilay

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Awarded to Evelyn Frain

Presented by Birks Dingwall Ltd.

| Name | Pet Peeve | Occupational Therapy | Remarks |
|--------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| K. BATTY | Poor Dramatic Club Attendance. | Knitting Sweaters Size 46! | Did you hear about Little Albert? |
| M. BEATTIE | Working Overtime. | Going home. | Can I make the bus? |
| J. BEIGLER | Lack of clothes | Heckling Doctors or Visa Versa | Really, you have no idea! |
| D. CAMERON | Untidyness | Looking after White | I'll help. |
| E. FRAIN | Dr.'s mixing instruments. | Reading banned literature. | Don't worry kid, it'll be alright. |
| M. FERG | Too many calories. | Mending broken hearts. | Let's go Kay! |
| N. GAGNON | Flat tires. | Day dreaming. | Oui! Oui! |
| A. GLEBOFF | Wet weather. | Op. in room "6" | You don't say so! |
| C. LEACH | Being stool up. | Horse back riding. | It's O.K. with me. |
| E. HASKELL | Strange phone calls. | Sculpturing. | She's driving me dippy |
| I. HEBERT | No late leaves. | Scalp massage. | Oh, for heavens Sake! |
| M. LEITHEAD | Night duty. | Chez Gays. | Your'e not kiddin! |
| P. MARTIN | Inefficiency. | Clinical teaching. | Where's Doris? |
| Y. MERCIER | No phone call. | Planting trees for future students. | Je vous aime beaucoup |
| D. MULLIN | Where's my dress. | Wardrobe rehabilitation. | How should I know? |
| E. McBRIDE | 21 Diabetics. | Entertaining the Navy. | Sailing, sailing. |
| J. SABOURIN | Final exams. | Burning arms on rads | Gee kid! |
| A. SIMAIR | The long walk across the street. | Run about. | "You do it." |
| M. STEEVES | Men. | Saving Hurler for Eddie | Don't be silly. |
| G. WHITE | Doing her hair. | Theatre going. | "Whose going out?" |
| E. SYSLAK | Wearing hair nets. | Counting the days. | Don't paint me so black! |
| G. ALARIE | Ham for Sunday supper. | Knitting for Britain. | Mon Dieu! |
| T. COUTTS | Noisy neighbors. | Doby. | Where's the car? |
| A. CRUSE | Loud lectures. | Nursing an Art and a Science. | Is it six a.m. already? |
| D. EVANS | 10 p.m. curfew. | Walking by the river | Hello Lover. |
| B. GILMOUR | Only 9 weeks in the O.R. | Sleeping. | I nearly died! |
| X. HRUSHOWY | P.M. classes. | Sewing a fine seam. | Oh Yeah! |
| W. HUTCHISON | No letters from home. | Getting corns for her country. | Do you know what? |
| J. HYLAND | 18 miles between here and there. | Looking for Grey Dodge. | Meet me in St. Louis. |
| A. GRAYSTON | Tardiness. | Keeping track of Cameron. | What are you kids doing to-nite? |
| S. KRAWCHUK | Being so far from home | Knitting. | Oh! Xenia I did not. |
| H. LOEWEN | Assisting with antrum lavages. | Helping others. | I'll do it. |
| N. LYON | Distance | Writing letters. | Will I ever get finished? |
| M. McKAY | Infirmity. | Getting a sun tan in winter. | All the nice girls love a sailor. |
| M. MacKAY | Her dimple. | Window shopping. | Am I ever mad. |
| E. McCARTHY | Talkative friends. | Making most of late leaves. | Sure and its the Irish in me. |
| L. McDONALD | Making speeches. | Leading others. | They'll do it every time |
| M. MANSON | Business affairs. | Arranging late leaves | Thelma, stop that! |
| F. PEEL | Going on duty. | Eating. | I'm so disgusted. |
| E. SELICK | Carrots. | Starting a hope chest | Did he phone? |
| H. SHEAD | Class on P.M. | Latest fashions. | What was that? |
| A. McBEAN | Untidy room. | Settling fights on 5th | Where and what are we going to eat? |
| C. THOMAS | Night duty. | Sports, dramatics and advertising. | Nothing exciting ever happens to me. |
| I. WALLWIN | Studying for exams | Keeping dates straight. | I'm not late, my watch says 10 P.M. |
| H. WARKENTIN | Nites on Langevin. | Singing in the bath. | Hey! Wiggy. |
| M. VOTH | Lazy nurses. | Studying. | I don't see why! |
| N. FEDKOWSKI | Sanatoria. | Resting. | It won't be long now |

TEACHER

MESSAGE FROM Sr. TROTTIER

My Dear Nurses:

It is with great pleasure indeed that I accept the privilege of congratulating you on this happy day. The joy which is reflected in your faces today is one which you have been looking forward to for three long years and it is only natural that your heart and soul be filled with great happiness. The ceremony of your Graduation comes as a public recognition of your success in the field of nursing which you have chosen for your career. You are filled with pride at the thought that you may now go into the wider field of nursing and help those with whom you will come in contact. People will have confidence in you. Do not disappoint them. Let this inspire you in the fulfillment of your daily duties and be an encouragement in your worthwhile task.

We, too, are proud of you for we see in each one of you an apostle of health and a source of comfort for the suffering bodies and souls. We have tried to inculcate in you the principles of good nursing inspired by a Christian philosophy of life. It is your duty now to live up to those principles which are bound to bring you happiness and success. In so doing you will promote not only the health of the body of your patient, but also his mental and spiritual welfare.

May God help you always in the task which He inspired you to choose and in which He himself excelled in fulfilling with so great perfection.

Sister MELINA TROTTIER, S.G.M.
(Asst. Supt. of Nurses)



MESSAGE FROM MISS CRAIG



I feel it a privilege to be granted this opportunity to extend my best wishes and hearty congratulations to the graduating class of 1946. Having been a student-in-training with the graduating class of this year and this term having been associated with the Nurses' Home, I still feel that I share in the life of the Residence and do, with you, look forward in real anticipation to this your graduation.

Introspection just now will reveal mixed feelings—anticipation as you stand at a milestone in your career; a feeling of satisfaction as you have completed your formal education, and perhaps a twinge of loneliness as you leave the companionship of the Nurses' Home.

About us we see a world just recovering from the shock of World War II. Although the war has been won the need for the professional services of the nurse are just as vital in the schemes of rehabilitation as they were on the battlefield. Now, sympathy and devotion which is symbolized by the nursing profession.

On this momentous day you cannot avoid a moment of retrospection in which you feel a debt of gratitude to the valiant efforts of your predecessors in the profession and particularly the pioneers of this institution.

The high expectations of those who have supervised your training will encourage you as you progress in your vacation. Nursing offers ample opportunity for widening one's experience and knowledge in your chosen field and no service pays higher dividends in satisfaction than that of ministering to your fellowmen. May much happiness be yours.

HELEN CRAIG.

Farewell Message from Miss Spice

Maybe it is a little late now to talk about "Aims and Objectives" but I have had some in the four years I have been at St. Boniface. I feel like telling them to you because you better than anyone can tell if I have achieved them.

I have tried to make learning the basic sciences as easy as possible, as entertaining as possible and as useful as possible.

I have tried always to give you warning of tests and things but I know this has not always worked out.

I have tried to be the same from day to day so you would know how to take me.

I have tried to remember what it is like to be a student nurse and to understand how you are living.

I have tried to act as a liaison officer between you and the outside world, particularly the world of scientific advances, because I know that you don't have time to keep up on everything.

While working toward all these aims and objectives I have never resisted the desire to tell you about important things in my life.

You know that my Mom and Dad are very special people to me. (I like the Dedication of your Year Book.)

You know that my older sister is a nurse in New York, and a good one, and that she was my main support while I was in training.

You know that my oldest brother practically runs Flin Flon and has a wife who likes to entertain her in-laws, thank goodness, and two awfully nice children.

You know that my younger sister lives at home and works in Eaton's and gets me white stockings from the Mail Order.

You know that my next brother, the one who was in Africa, is the metallurgist at Port Radium and is married to a very nice person and has a daughter.

And I think you know that my next brother, Don, was lost on a training flight over Scotland in January 1945. Some of you knew him because he was on Normant for a few days before he went into the R.C.A.F. with an infected finger and he used to come for me in the Nash quite often.

My youngest brother is at home going to University and he sometimes came for me too. That was before we (sob) sold the Nash.

And you know Isobel Black who lives with me. Or maybe I live with her. Anyway we live together, and like it.

So you know most of the important things in my life and that rumor you hear is true. I am going to be married.

When? At the time of writing I can't answer that one.

Where? Same answer.

Who to? Ah! That's different. A man from out of this world. Well, practically anyway. He's from Tennessee and now that he is out of the army he is back in his job with a transportation company. Yes, he is older than I am by a few years. No, he hasn't been married before. He is a little darker and a



little taller than I am and has brown eyes. There is only one thing that he loves better than me and that is fishing!

How is it that we got together what with him living so many years in so many far away places and me living practically as many years and always being in some other places? That is the kind of stuff books are made of and I haven't had time to write the book yet. Could be that when I have no more test papers to mark and no more Year Book contributions to write, when I am keeping house in Memphis, Tennessee, and have the menus all planned (I will have to learn ways to cook fish—where is my friend Skremetka?) and the house all



home-like and the garden all flourishing, that I will have some free afternoons to write a book. As I understand it the wisest course is to write a book about things you know, so any book I wrote would have to be about Kildonan and the University of Manitoba and Brooklyn and Chicago and the Winnipeg General and St. Boniface and being in love. You won't have to read the book because the first part you have heard all about often and the last, you would be much better to try for yourselves.

I am putting in an order to have the Year Book sent to me till at least 1950 so I can graduate everybody that is here now.

My very best wishes go with this year's graduates and all the graduates in the making.

Sincerely,

GRACE SPICE.



AS SEEN BY A PATIENT

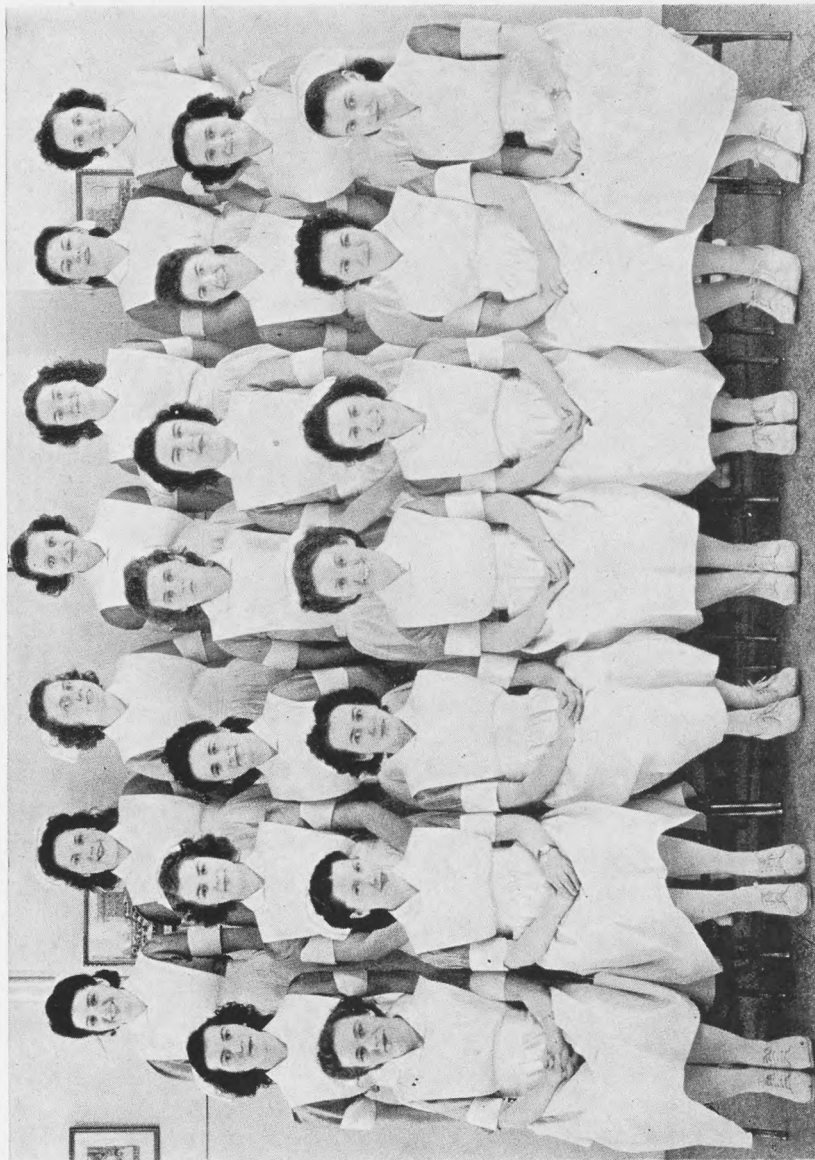
A hospital is a collection of corridors and stairs supported by slippery floors and contributions. A ward is a room attached to a corridor. It contains nurses, beds, patients and fresh air in large quantities. A bed has longitude but no latitude. Its real duty is to beautify the ward. To disarrange a bed is a criminal offence. It is a far, far better thing to have a tidy bed than to be comfortable. A patient is the victim of circumstances—a conspiracy between doctors and hospital authorities. After he has bided awhile—he realizes why he is called a patient. A nurse is essential for the proper running of the ward. Her chief duty is to watch patients in order to wake them when asleep. The medicine cupboard contains brandy and castor oil—tremendous quantities of each are used. The brandy is used to camouflage the castor oil and it is also used as a restorative when patients feel faint! Patients are never allowed to feel faint! Night commences when blinds are pulled down; day commences when the night nurses have finished their midnight meal. Old patients sleep in the daytime—it is quieter. Lockers are a hospital version of dining room sideboards always placed so that a patient cannot get at them, and really provided to gratify the nurses' curiosity. Lockers do not lock.

Students

Beckman and Stewart
Are always together,
Sleeping in class,
They're birds of a feather
When Clark went to Langevin
Things started flying,
She couldn't do right
So she gave up trying
Elliot our president
Is one of the best.
She's out there in front—
Ahead of the rest.
Dieting is Funkies aim!
But no matter her size
She's always the same.
Enns and Janzen,
Two good pals—
Altho' they are quiet—
They are both swell gals.
Shirley Johnson—
Called "Johnny" for short—
Laughing and joking,
She's sure a good sport.
Rubie Jory, who worries so much,
Is one girl who is seldom
Ever in dutch.
Gaining is Lendrum's worry,
Every new pound
Gives her a flurry.
If you ever want Mitchell
Really sad!
Just call her Emma
Then run like mad.
She's always late,
Our Velma Miles,
But she can win you
With one of her smiles.
Penner's not finished,
But her uniforms are,
For patching and mending
She'll not get a star.
She may be little,
She may be small,
But Aggie O'Keefe
Is the best of them all!
When Lipkas voice
Reaches up to high "C"
You know the bath water's
As hot as can be.
Then poor Margaret Kane
On Sacred Heart nights
When the punches went wrong,
She had some bad frights.
Who's that cackling in class?
Carsons caught the joke at last.
Off of the wards
As quick as a bat,
Wilcock hits Gay's in 5 minutes flat.
Like the Mounties,
Button's got her man,
Hope everything works out,
According to plan.
Wherever she goes,
Whether near or far,
Luba Golds personality
Shines like a star!
The mop stands idle
Against the wall,
As the dust over—
Turnbull's room doth fall
Hey! There goes my buzzer,
We hear "Toni" scream,
And then she floats by
As if in a dream.
The sounds that come from
The bathtub alone,
Are enough to assure us
Houston is home
Then Baker is telling
Of her cleaning spree?
Aha! Here comes Baxter,
In our listening ears,
There isn't a doubt,
A sweet little smile
Is seen moving our way
That's Boucher;


Its sure to be seen all day.
A wave and a laugh
From Bludoff the sport,
When we see this
We know the Navy hit port.
Now Corniat's here
With her favorite phrase,
"Do you think we will pass?"
We'll hear it always.
Our Vicki Dolinski,
So quiet and refined,
Can be just oodles of fun
When she makes up her mind.
If there's one empty desk
When roll call is through,
That's Donald—she'll make it
With no hullabaloo.
Here's Drysdale now,
Her hair with its curls,
With envy and awe
Simply puts us in whirls.
If it's cokes you'll be liking,
Then go to Pat Scott,
For she's going to Gay's
Just as likely as not.
Rae Ford is the beauty
Of our part of the school,
When she walks in a room
Patients sit up and drool.
When Emily Zanyk's laugh
Becomes louder,
We all know her last flame
Has taken a powder.
On third finger left hand
"Guppy" flashes a "Rock,"
In two years from now
She'll be darning a sock.
Hear that snoring in class?
That's Pearl Gold for sure,
But for that poor girl
We have not found a cure.
Prevost thinks studying's
A thing of the past,
So she doesn't bother
With that little task.
Hello! Here comes Washy,
So trim and so neat,
The marks that she gets
Are sure hard to beat.
Whenever you see Martin,
Kozak's there too,
Even on nights
These friends stick like glue.
We wonder how Kennedy
Slept Sunday night,
When she knew that on Monday
The O.R. was her plight.
The clicking of needles
Is heard down the hall,
To Nivon a sweater's
"Just nothing at all."
What a glow! What a light!
Surrounds Rose Mary Glynn,
Now our guess is—
"The American Navy is in."
Tall, dark and handsome,
In bellbottom's too,
When Gleeson knits him a sweater,
She never gets through.
Next comes the two Thompson's,
Both Esther and June,
A laugh and a giggle
Is their favorite tune.
Now Laura Smits
Will live in fame,
For "Putt Putt"
Is her other name.
Our cute Alma Janeski
Brings up the rear,
But it's not her right place
For she's never here.
This ends our saga—
A tres mournful tale—
Don't tell anyone, but ...
This is for sale.

GRADUATING CLASS OF '47



Back Row—L. Baker, G. Prevost, O. Enns, G. Baxter, K. Kennedy, G. Gleeson, A. O'Keefe.
 Second Row—P. Boucher, L. Smits, A. Kozak, E. Penner, S. Johnston, D. Martin, G. Corniat.
 Front Row—E. Button, P. Scott, E. Nivon, P. Houston, M. Robin, A. Elliott, D. Bludoff.

Class of '48



*Comrades, ponder here a little while
As yet 'tis not too late,
Bear with us and we will tell you
Of the Class of '48.*

*'Tis our class and all about it
May to you seem commonplace,
But we feel no finer ever
Entered old St. Boniface.*

*In the hall with bag and suitcase
Did we sit on that first day,
Waiting—every moment wondering
Whether we were here to stay.*

*And we dip't into the future
Far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of a nurse and wondered
“Gosh, can that be me?”*

*Many a day in yonder classroom
Did we groan o'er bone and muscle,
Looking blank when Miss Spice asked us
To define a red corpuscle.*

*In the spring of '45
After days of near collapse,
After months of fervent striving
We received our precious caps.*

*Many a morning as cap nurses
We were up before the dawn,
Stumbling down the stairs to roll call,
Trying vainly not to yawn.*

*Knowledge comes but often lingers—
Qualifying goes to prove,
But at last we've got our blue bands
And are really in the groove.*

*Far along the ward we stagger
With our spirits ebbing low,
But a cheerful thought revives us—
Only twenty months to go.*

*Not in vain the future beckons—
There are shining goals to reach,
And we face with firm resolve
The coming days at S.B.H.*

GRADUATING CLASS OF '48



SEPTEMBER

Back Row—D. Tucker, J. Michaluk, M. Waddell, D. Adams, J. McLelland, M. Goosen, M. Lauchberry, L. Steffan, B. Armstrong, M. Stewart, J. Strickland, M. Ziegler, M. Cadieux.

Second Row—L. Hoppe, E. Bolt, L. Chock, A. Delay, R. MacKinnon, E. Bailey, H. Heinsohn, L. Weibe, E. Kingsley, P. Edye, M. Young, M. Engler.

First Row—R. Sicotte, C. Toews, L. Currie, M. Vien, J. Cunningham, M. beaulieu, E. Briere, P. Rushton, P. Sellick, S. Paxton, M. McCauley.

Missing—C. Topolinski, N. Shepherd



JANUARY

Back Row—B. Obenauer, N. Greene, L. Dyck, M. Feir, I. Best, M. Peters, J. Johansen.

Second Row—C. Cloutier, E. Loewen, M. Driedger, L. De Conick, M. Viel, M. Severin, H. Carlyle.

Front Row—S. Georget, G. Honey, M. Tingley, E. Olivier, D. Randall, L. Kyle, M. Carter.

NURSES 10 COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt have very few interests before thee.
2. Thou shalt not make for thyself any fancy curls about thy face or below thy neckline, for the staff shall not hold her guiltless who weareth curls on duty.
3. Thou shalt not have thought of any interne in thy mind, especially while thou art on duty.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day; six days shalt thou labor and on the seventh thou shalt clean cupboards.
5. Thou shalt not kill, but need not strive officially to keep thyself alive.
6. Thou shalt not sample the patient's food that is in the icebox.
7. Thou shalt not linger on the doorstep after 10 p.m.
8. Thou shalt not bear excuses to the Superintendent's office.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy patient's sleep, but just try and get enough for thyself!
10. Thou shalt honor these rules or thy training days shall not be long before thee.



TO THE GRADUATES

Congratulation, Graduates. It is with mixed feelings that we, the Probationers, bid farewell to you, our friends, and we all wish you much success in the future.

We confess a slight feeling of envy when we realize that you have now completed your course of training, and are entering into your career of service. We wish to say, "Thanks," for the consideration shown us, and the help given at the beginning of our work.

Here we would also like to express our appreciation to Sr. Trottier, Miss Spice and Miss Craig for conveying their advice and knowledge, which, to us, is so necessary.

You Graduates will be a great credit to our School and we hope that when our time comes we may be able to find it in us to be as kindly to our Juniors as you have been and keep up the high standard of the School.

Good-bye, good luck and Godspeed.

THE PROBATIONERS.

ALUMNAE

SOME OF OUR STAFF NURSES



Back Row—F. McTavish, A. Killan, Mrs. Schmidt, L. Thompson.

Second Row—C. Bourgeault, Mrs. McKay, M. Tulloch, J. Hammett, A. Gilman.

Front Row—B. McPherson, Mrs. Lemoine, Mrs. Dumais, Mrs. Smith, B. Vermeersch.

To The GRADUATING CLASS OF '46

It is an honor and a privilege to have this opportunity to address you on behalf of the members of the Alumnae. They extend to you their warmest felicitations and best wishes for continued success in your chosen profession; and hope that you will look upon the Alumnae as a link between the future and your Alma Mater.

Although you have reached your goal—namely, you are graduate nurses—you are really starting out on life's endeavor.

Mankind stands on the threshold of what can be the greatest era of peace and progress in his history. As nurses we have a great opportunity to contribute to the world; and how better can we do it than by being proficient and progressive in our own field.

May we remind you, that we would appreciate having you one and all numbered among our active participating members; and so, my dear graduates, as the world welcomes you, so the members of the Alumnae Association welcome you into their midst.

L. THOMSON, President.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| Honorary President | SR. CLERMONT |
| 1st Vice-President | MISS M. WILSON |
| 2nd Vice-President | MISS M. McKENZIE |
| President | MISS L. THOMSON |
| Recording Secretary | MISS M. LOUGHEED |
| Corresponding Secretary | MISS B. McPHERSON |
| Treasurer | MRS. B. SMITH |
| Archivist | MRS. T. HULME |

CONVENERS

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Sick Visiting | MISS D. HURLE |
| Social | MRS. M. GENDALL |
| Membership | MISS SADKOWSKI |

REPRESENTATIVES

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Local Council of Women | S. WRIGHT |
| Canadian Nurse | MRS. H. LEMOINE |
| M. A. R. N. | H. CRAIG |
| Directory | E. GAGNON |

★ ★ ★

ONE SMILE

*Someone gave me a smile today;
I tried my best to give it away
To everyone I chanced to meet
As I was going along the street.*

*But everyone that I could see
Would give my smile right back to me.
When I got home, besides one smile,
I had enough to reach a mile.*

the O. R.

*I shuddered, I shivered, I trembled and roared
One bright Monday morning at the bulletin board,
For there on the change list, right at the top,
To the O.R. it read—I nearly flopped.*

*At the breakfast table, all ate and were gay,
My appetite left me, I had nothing to say;
My toast how it choked me, my coffee too strong,
The cereal 'peared lumpy, everything seemed wrong.*

*Arriving at the O.R. amidst all my fears
My co-partners capped me, they laughed and they cheered,
Then each went to work in their own special room
And I was left standing alone with my gloom.*

*“What, nothing to do? I’ll soon render that.
You go for this patient and please hurry back.”
The voice was so sharp and the words so specific
I went for that patient, the rate was terrific.*

*And when I returned the O.R. was so busy,
Everyone was running as if they were dizzy,
The Grads they were yelling and rushing around
And scolding the students that could never be found.*

*The Doctors were swearing and cursing away,
“Is my patient ready, must I wait all day?”
Everything was in such a great big dither
I began to tremble and once again shiver.*

*And as I stood looking in on all that
I was very politely poked in the back
And curtly directed towards sink and a brush,
“Scrub for this T and A and please do rush!”*

*And let me add:—
When you’re in the O.R. and don’t feel like work,
And don’t want to be caught loafing or duty shirk,
Watch! when the coast is clear, run in a jiffy
And hide in the dark room, or in the ————— (censored)*

O. ENNS.

interns



B. JANES—Our former all-star rugby player who turned student. The shy brain has done very well at S.B.H., especially enjoyed surgery and O.P.D. "Shy admirer of nurses."



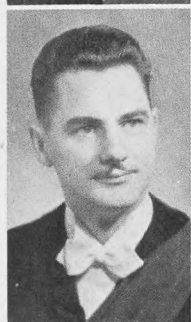
S. PETRYK—The other most popular interne—assisted Dr. Peterkin in "that certain scrub." Always willing to help out, co-operative, a really swell gal.



M. MINICK—One of the most popular internes at S.B.H. In perpetual search of short shape with a nice vice. Favorite expression, "Anyone under five feet is mine."



B. BJORNSON — Arbonnys gift to S.B.H. The only red-headed Iclander in captivity. Ambition—a little home in the country, general practise.



H. HALL—Dan Moustachio. Always carries a small box of stomach powders. Complete with black hat and coat and moustache he can be seen stepping down the avenue any evening with destination unknown,—has a good time there tho'.



J. LEICESTER—Youthful tennis champion from Saskatchewan. Has had a very successful year at S.B.H. — financially, socially and academically. Favorite expression, "Say, do you want a really nice date—I've got two."



H. DAVIES—S.B.H.'s Pin-up Boy. He seems to take an interest in pediatrics and divides most of his time between St. Louis ward and his little nest in Weston.



R. DeCOSSE — Dapper, debonaire DeCosse takes an interest in music, literature, orthopedics and obstetrics; in fact he has a hard time finding five nites a week for social occasions.



F. ELLIOTT—The one and only musician, engineer, theologian, wireless operator, orator, philosopher, lawyer, teacher, travelling salesman—and finally husband and doctor.



A. LARGE—A little fellow with a big name. Quiet, efficient and did especially well on St. Louis ward. Should do well in any field.

L. MASON (picture missing) — Ex-army sergeant, has really enjoyed his year at S.B.H., especially New Year's Eve. Gained a big reputation at the San and will probably stay in chest work.

E. VAN—Another member of the wolf pack that stumbled and fell by the wayside. Student extraordinary. He's done a swell job as interne prexy. Favorite expression, "I must see about these lunches."

E. PETERKIN—One of the two most popular internes. Well remembered as the great mechanic of orthopedics. Favorite expression, "Sure, I'll take your calls."

J. RUSSELL—The one with the curly top. Reported to have a girl in every hospital in Winnipeg, including the suburbs. Allows studies to interfere occasionally with a rather ambitious social program. Post-grad. plans—sleep for one year.

R. RITCHIE—Earnest Robert is usually available for i.v. on Tache. One of the better students he is still available for "whatever's cooking." Favorite expression, "I wonder if Kreml would help."

G. McPHAIL—Has tried to divide time equally between wards, Chez Gay's and writing desk. Always seen at 11.45 running to inspect the internes' mail box.

B. STEINDEL—S.B.H.'s Victor Mature, full of original ideas and enthusiasm. He should go far in psychiatry or general practise.

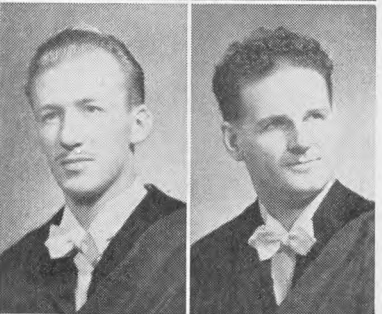
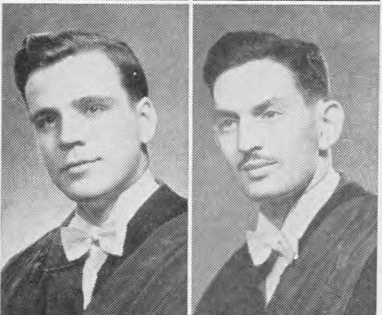
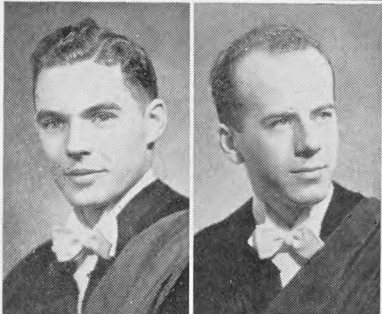
C. ACHESON—The blond interne with heart trouble. A good fellow but doomed to succumb to Au-Ricky-la fibrillation. Favorite expression, "That's not my history."

M. RUTHVEN—Wealthy scion of the landed gentry—divides his time between pathology lab and taking calls for a certain red-headed friend. His collection of anecdotes and ditties to his own accompaniment on the piano make him the life of the party.

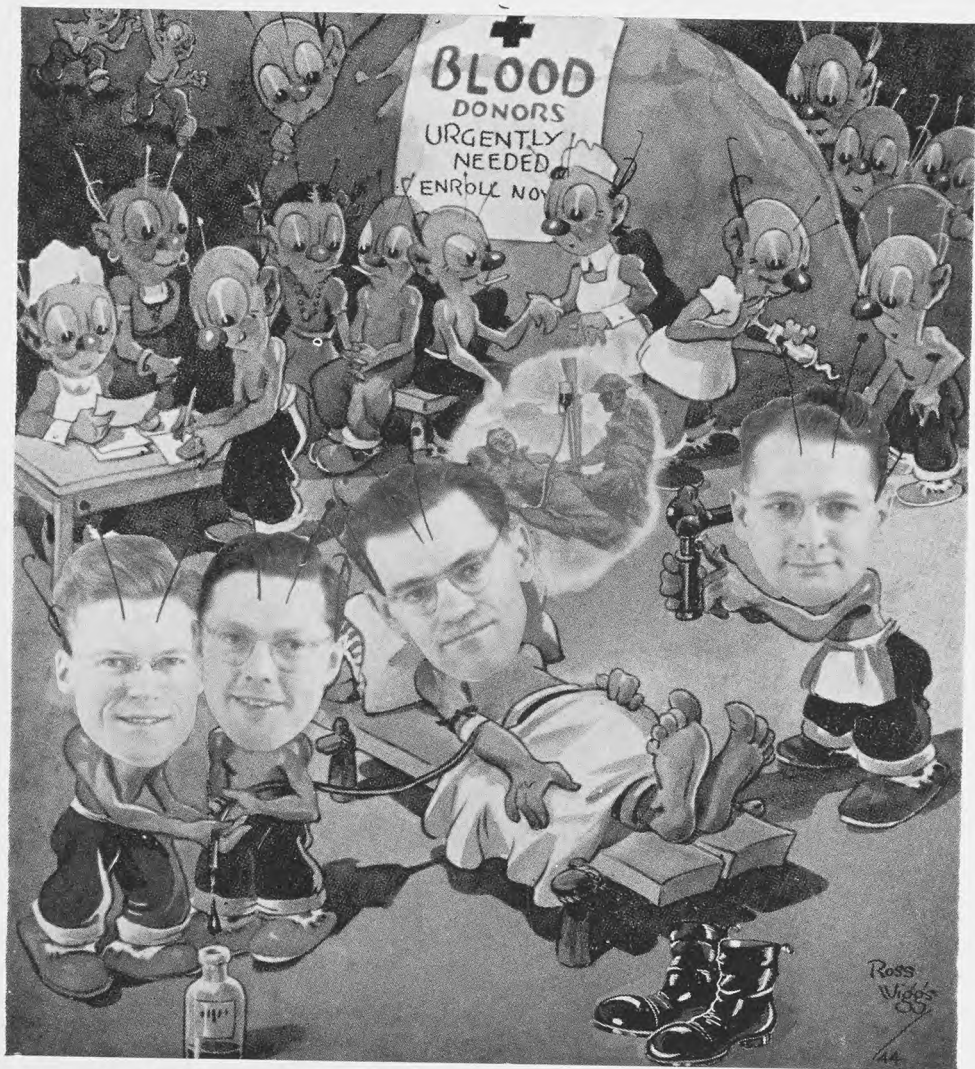
O. DECTER—Howls louder than the rest of the pack. Often seen stepping out in large limousine. Favorite expression, "Gentlemen prefer red-heads."

I. SHAND (picture missing) — The peppy young doc from Kildonan. Ambitions are twofold—a large and lucrative practise and to be able to play bridge like McPhail. Favorite expression, "Wait 'til I call Gladys."

L. KNIGHT (picture missing) — The surgically-minded student from Souris. The class intravenous specialist. Falls asleep with a book in his arms almost every night.



Our Seniors



Dr. C. Moore, Dr. B. Malone, Dr. S. Orchard, Dr. R. Willows.
Missing—Dr. J. Martin, Dr. Miller.

In Memoriam

Dr. A.P. McKinnon



In Memoriam

Sister Neider

Tribute

(By Asberry Singleton)

*In a harsh land of beauty,
It is pleasant to find—
A dear little spot
Where all are so kind.
In life there are problems
That oftentimes arise
When fate weaves the web,
And we are the flies.*

*The turn of fate
With cruel hand
Crossed my trail
And took command.
It brought me a Doctor
And a home of rest,
The St. Boniface as host
And I as the guest.*

*Attendants that were angels,
But human in form,
Efficient and eager
Their duties to perform.
Service pertaining
To our comfort and care,
Careful and considerate
Of my welfare.*

*In times of stress,
The kindly touch—
The human contact
Means so much;
The spirit is transmitted,
We share a part
For we feel we know
That it comes from the heart.*

*From this human kindness
Gently flows
A spirit as refreshing
As the breath of the rose.
I shall look without finding—
Nowhere can be found
More glorified sunshine
Than herein abound.*

‘NURSES’ PRAYER’

Oh God, our Father, who has given us work to do, we commit our ways unto thee.

Help us to see the dignity and the privilege of the service that is ours to render and to set out about it cheerfully this day without reluctance or complaint.

Deliver us from selfishness, mean desires and cheap pleasures—keep us from sloth and impatience and easy surrender in the presence of trying problems. May the spirit of the healing Christ be in our hearts so long as we are busy about our tasks.

If we become weary in body, downcast and fearful in mind, replenish us with strength and courage and when evening comes and the time allotted to our labor is over, give us safe lodging and quiet rest.
Amen.

A
2ND
YR.
P.
M.

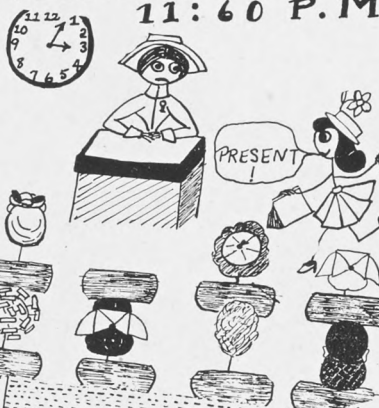


WE
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OR EM

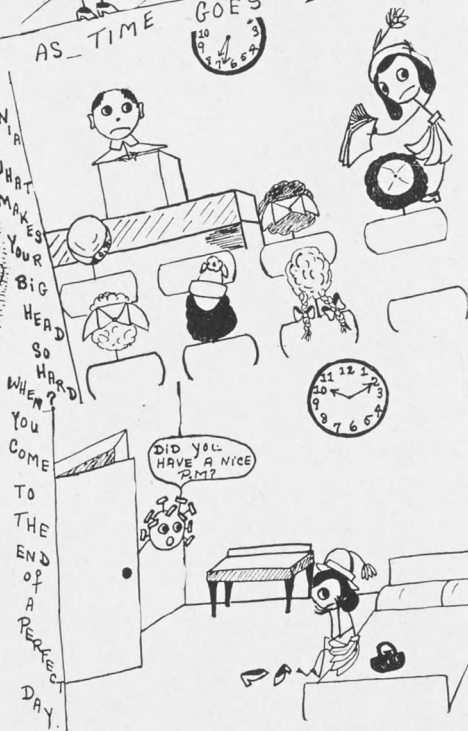
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HUBBA! HUBBA! HUBBA!

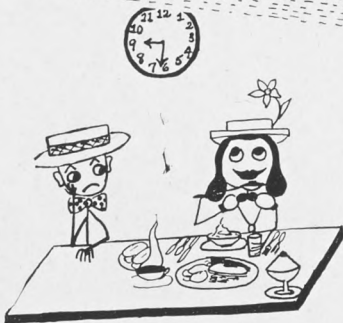
WHEN
THE
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IS
CALLED
UP
YONDER
ARE
YOU
HANGING
ANY
FUN,
SON?



AS TIME GOES BY.



TILL
THE
END
OF
TIME
?



Activities



Back Row—P. Houston, Vice-President 2nd year; E. Kingsley, Vice-President 3rd year; I. Best, Secretary-Treasurer 3rd year; M. Tingley, President 3rd year; S. Johnston, Secretary-Treasurer 2nd year.

Front Row—A. Elliott, President 2nd year; T. Coutts, Vice-President 1st year; D. Evans, Secretary-Treasurer 1st year; M. Manson, President 1st year.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

To have the confidence of the student body placed in you involves both responsibility and pleasure. The former presenting itself when we realize that we must have the welfare of each student nurse at heart. We have tried to fulfill this obligation to the best of our ability and we hope that our shortcomings may be overlooked.

It has been a pleasure to work with the other members of the Student Council and the students as a whole. A fine spirit of co-operation was inherited from last year's council which predominated throughout this year. The Council wishes to thank all those who have so kindly assisted in many ways and feel sure that if in future years the Student Council receives the same measure of co-operation from the student body the St. Boniface School of Nursing cannot but maintain its fine standard.

To Sr. Brodeur, our Superintendent, and her assistant, Sr. Trottier, go our appreciation and sincere thanks for their guidance and co-operation in our various activities throughout the year.

M. MANSON, President.
D. E. EVANS, Sec.-Treas.

THE M.S.N.A.

The Manitoba Student Nurses' Association, which was inaugurated at a dinner sponsored by the M.A.R.N., December 7th, 1944, has now completed its second year of active organization. It has been a great pleasure to take part in the development and establishment of an organization which we hope will eventually become an international federation throughout the world in years to come. We take great pride in saying that we, the members of the association in its second year of existence, have helped in laying a firm foundation for the future.

Our year's program outlined and discussed at a meeting held at the "Blue Room" of the Y.W.C.A. last September, has brought us such speakers as Miss Frances Waugh, Director of Licensed Practical Nurses; J. D. Murray, Professor at United College in Winnipeg, and Armour MacKay. We have enjoyed our weekly sports nite of gym and swimming held at the Y.W.C.A. besides our sports outing and dramatic and literary presentations held each month. Already our organization has received public acclaim; we were chosen as one of the few organizations asked to enter a Karnival Kween in the Kiwanis Karnival held in December 1945. We realize that we have a long and hard road ahead, but if the attendance and enthusiasm which has been so encouraging in the past two years continues, our dream of an International Federation of student Nurses will ultimately come true.

To many of us, this is good-bye not only to our training days but also to this organization to which we have had the privilege of belonging in its earlier important year. It is hoped that through the fellowship found in our association, student nurses in this province may envision and prepare themselves for active participation in the M.A.R.N. following graduation.

L. McDONALD.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| President..... | L. McDONALD (St. Boniface) |
| Vice-President..... | M. BICKNELL (Misericordia) |
| Secretary..... | A. McBEAN (St. Boniface) |
| Treasurer..... | B. KENDALL (Grace) |

Sports

This year our sports activities were really started off with a bang. In the fall we had a modified version of an Indian pow-wow on the banks of the Red River. It was a wonderful night—the sky was studded with stars and the calm waters of the river reflected the lights from our many bonfires. We were entertained with skits and stories and ended the evening with a rousing sing-song. For many days following, the strains of that humorous song, Chewing Gum, could be heard in the corridors of the hospital. It almost became the nurses' theme song.

Then with the coming of snow we looked forward to more fun—a toboggan party at Polo Park. The outing was a huge success and everyone had a marvelous time. We admit there were a few bruises here and there and the odd frozen toe among us, but these minor ailments were quickly forgotten while we toasted hot dogs around a blazing fireplace.

Our weekly night at the "Y" has also proved to be very popular with the nurses. Everyone agrees that swimming and gym are the best and pleasantest ways to remedy those increasing—waistlines?

In the summer months tennis is the order of the day. No matter how hot or how windy it is, our tennis enthusiasts turn out in full force.

At all times of the year you will find nurses skating, bowling, curling, and on very cold nights the ping pong table in the rec. holds the spotlight.

C. THOMAS.

GLEE CLUB

This year the members of the St. Boniface Nurses' Glee Club have been very fortunate to have Mr. Frank Thoolfason as their conductor. Mr. Thoolfason, who is well known in musical circles, has done much to cultivate our interest in music.

At the Christmas concert held in the Auditorium of the Hospital, the Glee Club sang carols and contributed several separate numbers.

Also, on Christmas Eve the choir sang carols on the wards, accompanied by Miss Gilmour.

After Christmas we were pleased to welcome Miss Russell from Wesley College as our accompanist. Assisted by Miss Russell we were able to learn many more numbers.

With the coming of the New Year we began rehearsals for Graduation, and we sincerely hope that our singing conveyed to the Graduates our congratulations and best wishes.

We wish to thank Sisters Brodeur and Trottier for their co-operation—especially the food! We also hope that Mrs. Murphy didn't suffer too much by listening to our Tuesday night attempts at song. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Thoolfason for all the time and effort he so willingly supplied and to Miss Russell for her assistance.

It is hoped that next year the Glee Club will continue to grow and flourish.

P. HOUSTON.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

This year we have learned the meaning of co-operation—we have played as well as worked together. Here is a summary of the year's social functions.

First of all there was the Hallowe'en festivities when the spooks came out from every nook and cranny. Housecoats or costumes were the admittance for the party in the Recreation Hall—it was a swell evening and everybody had a good time.

Christmas came next—the biggest celebration around the Nurses' Home. The program in the Auditorium and Mr. and Mrs. Claus waiting for us with our presents when we came back to the Residence made the evening complete.

The M.S.N.A. activities with the Wednesday "Y" nites, the dances, the skating parties, the tobogganing, have all gone to make it a very successful social year.

In our minds the biggest event was the farewell party that the Second Year Nurses gave to the Grads—that's us. The corsages and the place cards will be saved to remember the dinner and show.

The dance put on by the Alumnae for us Graduation nite is a new event, and we are all for it. It will be a big success and will be marked alongside the other unforgettable social activities that we have shared in.

The Record Player given to the nurses last year has been in constant use—at any time during the day "Symphony" or "Polonaise" can be heard blaring forth.

Don't let me give you the impression that we don't have bad times as well as good—but the good outbalance the bad and everyone is happy.

We have had a swell three years.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

As the years go by our famous Dramatic Club continues to play an important part in our school's activities. Our plays which are put on periodically are recognized as being almost traditional in the school. Each year more and more nurses are finding enjoyment and a great deal of satisfaction in rehearsing and producing our short yet very entertaining plays.

We have found this year to our delight that we have in our midst, girls who are not only very adept at their chosen profession but are also naturals when it comes to acting. One in particular was outstanding in our latest play, "Home to Mother." We watched with admiration while she took on the difficult role of an understanding yet very diplomatic mother, who found herself confronted with the task of consoling a newly married daughter. The part called for great charm and dignity and was presented in just that manner. On the other hand we were agreeably amused by the antics of one of our younger members who portrayed the part of a mischievous little imp—always curious and always doing the wrong thing. The maid in our play was also typical with her paper curlers and uncanny knack of overhearing all the family tragedy though supposedly in another part of the house.

We of the Dramatic Club fully realize that none of this would have been possible if we had not had two very capable directors who tutored us until we attained perfection. It is to them that all the credit should go, for their energy and patience is untiring.

The members of our club have also come to realize that not only in Hollywood does one find Drama. Shakespeare once wrote, "All the world's a stage and all the people merely players." As nurses with the hospital as our stage background we find this to be very true. Every day drama is enacted here. We see proud parents look upon their new-born child, whose first glimpse of the world is from one of the cribs in our nursery. People of all ages, races and beliefs frequent our hospital, the young and the old, the weak and the strong, the pessimistic and the optimistic, and although these people are the same in many ways, in others they are vastly different. But in our daily living we find that everything does not have a happy ending and so to keep a bright outlook on life we turn to the make believe world of our play writers, whose characters always come out on top.

To our followers we extend our best wishes and we know that in the years to come they will derive as much benefit and amusement from the club as we have and will enjoy a fuller life because of it.

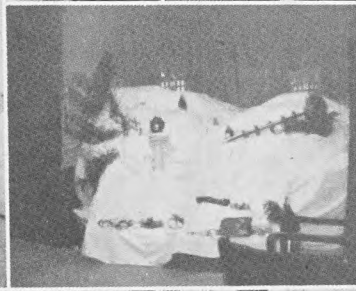
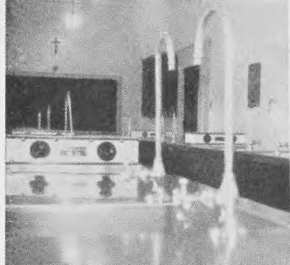
President—CATHERINE THOMAS.
Sec.-Treas.—JANE HYLAND.
Directors—MRS. GRAHAM,
MRS. BERRY.

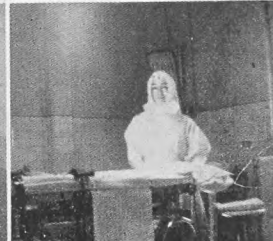
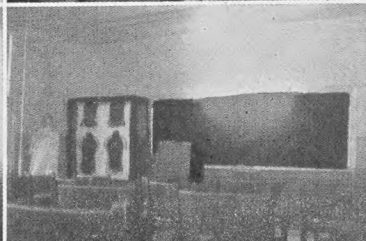
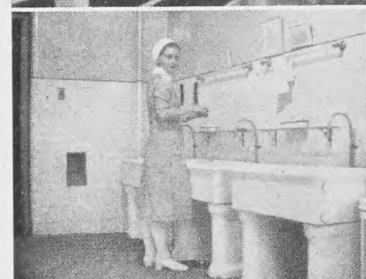
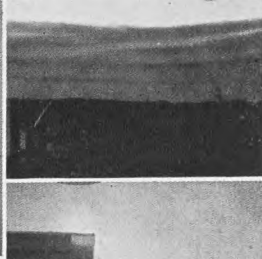
★ ★ ★

"NURSE"

*Like an angel hovering near,
Shielding us from doubt and fear,
Face so gentle, sweet and bright,
Like a moonbeam in the night.*

*Ever constant through the day,
Fearlessly you go your way,
Seeing that no one grows worse.
Heaven bless you—faithful nurse.*





The First Night

Perhaps it was premonition—who knows? That morning the all too doleful strains of “Saturday Night” kept buzzing through my brain. The inevitable had happened. I was about to be initiated into “Junior Nights”!

Whatever was I to do? Even the sight of a mouse made me shriek in horror, while darkness squelched every courageous fibre of my being. However, at six o'clock I was fully attired and ready to make my debut. At six fifteen I became restless, six-thirty saw me resting till the buzzer summoned for roll call. At seven twenty-five my “rest period” came to an abrupt ending. Before sleep could be entirely brushed from my eyes I was rushing down the tunnel. I soon scanned the flight of stairs and reported on duty fifteen minutes late.

Following a stammered explanation of my tardiness, the night notes were read. Thus I embarked on my new adventure.

My first task of changing dates was duly completed between enquiries as to the whereabouts of room numbers, the condition of patients and the insistent ringing of the phone. I soon discovered that even the simple task of filling the water glasses could be complicated by asking for a little “ade.”

Bedtime closely followed in the footsteps of the (Hospital Police) M.P., and for the next three hours I saw green—in the form of lights and more lights.

Midnight! Suppertime! But I was too excited to eat so talked for the half hour and by two-thirty I wondered why I was hungry. I was even too excited to sleep. Time passed very slowly during those two hours in the sleeping quarters. Soon I was charting and answering lights again. Now, 'mid my glory, time passed quickly. Six o'clock loomed up and then began the seemingly endless chain of temps, specimens and p.r.n. changes. The night ended! I was ready to go off duty except to:

Change two foments.

Prepare two for eight o'clock operations.

Chart those remaining twenty temperatures.

Sign off those last ten charts.

Twelve hours gone and with it the spriteliness of the evening before.

Homeward bound. My gait slowed down to a shuffle. Tomorrow I would go back on duty, but today—now—I was a tired but contented first-nighter.

With Apologies TO THE AUTHOR

*Breathes there a nurse with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said;
Tomorrow morning I'll arise
Before the sun lights up the skies;
I'll wind the clock so it will ring
Before the birds begin to sing;
Its strident bell will me awake—
An early morning walk I'll take.
And when at the early hour
The bell it rang with all its power—
Breathes there a nurse, I now repeat,
Who wouldn't throw it in the street
And back into the bed then leap,
And with a sigh go off to sleep!!!*



CHILD BELLIGERENCE

Guinea Pig SPEAKS

By MAJOR J. F. McKAY, M.C.

(Doctors and scientists are continually experimenting on guinea pigs and observing their reactions, so decided this time the guinea pig would do the recording himself.)

Imagine if you can, a perfectly fit man put to bed at seven p.m. I got out my pad to make some notes, but immediately had to lay it down as a nurse came in to take my temperature—another one to register my blood pressure. "The orderly will be along shortly," she said as she went out—enough said—and so the first night was over.

Next morning I was awakened early. I had a tub bath, after which in preparation for the anaesthetic I was given a "hypo." I had an hour to wait while it took effect—I felt so well I could hardly believe I was in a hospital. I might have been in one of our great hotels—the rate was about the same. On comparing the two I became aware of many differences. One seldom saw a female attendant in hotel rooms—Safety First, I suppose. But here the patients were helpless. The nurse can flaunt her beauty with perfect safety. Our hearts flutter as fresh young things with faces innocent of rouge or lipstick flit through the halls and lean over our beds. I vowed that if I recovered from the anaesthetic I would write a tribute to nurses.

Then I began to feel drowsy. My fingers lost the power of articulation. Shortly after, I was placed on a stretcher and wheeled away to the O.R. Masked nurses were busy about me. They all wore rubber gloves—I tried to see if they had rubber boots on but was strapped to the table and couldn't. I tried to talk to them but got no encouragement. I kept up a one-sided dialogue 'til one of them laid something over my nose and said, "Breathe in, please"—and that was the end of the conversation. After a breath or two I began to feel a lovely tingling sensation, my arms and extremities seemed to recede farther and farther—my consciousness to spread ever outward, and a sense of utter safety and repose possessed me.

OPERATION

I must draw on my imagination as to what took place next, but judging by the aches and tenderness of the following few days—it must have been terrible. I fancy this might be a fairly accurate description of the surgeon at work:

*He sharpened his knife on the sole of his shoe,
And then with the twist of the wrist,
Laid open my side from the neck to the knee,
And cut me in half at the waist.
The nurses stood round—
All shrouded and gowned,
With nothing exposed but their eyes.
They handed him swabs—
And tweezers and probes,
Of every conceivable size.
He passed them my liver,
And heart all a-quiver—
They scrubbed and then handed them back—
All free of cirrhosis
And minus thrombosis—
All checked and reported intact.
He sounded my lungs,
And pulled out the bungs—
He counted my kidneys and things.
Then sewed up the cut
With sterilized gut,
And said, "Let me know if he lives."*

RECUPERATION

And then I came back. Vague bewilderment at first and then a sudden co-ordination of consciousness and locality. Where was I? Back in the ward I was told. But we can pass over this part—it was not pleasant. My roommate and I discussed each other's ailments and each felt sorry for the other, and as we both were pretty helpless, we got a good deal of attention from the nurses. Oh yes, the nurses, and they were so considerate.

*The nurses all wait in the hall,
To come at our beck and our call—
They rush at us madly,
And smile at us gladly—
We lack no attention at all.*

*At meal time they stand at our head—
Having cut up our meat and our bread—
They help us to take
Our sweet and our cake—
And tuck us up tight in our beds.*

*They wake us up early and bright,
And ask how we slept through the nite.
They hand us our soap
And dose us with dope—
To ensure that we function all right.*

We hardly ever saw the doctors. Once in a while they would pop in for a moment, usually to or from the O.R. They were always in a hurry. We concluded that doctors didn't amount to much around the hospital. It was the nurses and orderlies, yes, maybe the internes too, that were really important. The doctors put you in but it was the nurses that got you out. Every day or so a new nurse would take over our ward. The only explanation we could give was that we were on the wrong side of fifty. As we became less helpless they became less helpful; they always had something to do in another room about that time. They even made us wash our own hands and faces toward the end. So we went home.

RETROSPECTION

Now, we wonder if these operations are worth it—hero for a day—that's all. Every one pours out sympathy when you're too weak to enjoy it and by the time we have regained our strength and could lap it up leisurely, the wells have gone dry. And our sense of responsibility returns. Next time, we've decided, we will pay for it first and enjoy the operation in comfort. In fact, I believe that with all my experience I could operate on myself if someone would only give me the anaesthetic.

★ ★ ★

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY

People who get in the rear of the elevator always want off at second floor.

Why the laundry keep so many buttons.

All the street cars with empty seats invariably go in the opposite direction.

Some people get all the luck.

Phones are so busy at seven-fifteen.

There are so many things to do at ten o'clock.

The girl with cotton stockings is so popular.

6:00 to 7:10

*The buzzer rings at 6 o'clock,
But no one gets up on the dot.
At half-past six the nurse will rise,
And with a groan will open her eyes—
That've have just been closed in blessed sleep
And out of bed she then will leap
Right into her uniform,
And down the hall she will storm,
"Haskell, aren't you out of bed—
Luba, you big sleepy head—
Lyon, watch out where you step."*

*"Gee, I've still my hair to do,
In 20 minutes I'll be due
Down at roll call with the girls,
With hair net on or real short curls—
This hair of mine is really long,
So—guess I'll put the hair net on.
My, this apron is a mess,
I'm just a messy girl, I guess.
It looks as if I've gained a pound,
The band of it just won't go 'round.
I'll move the button—no one will know—
But that I borrowed it from Flo."*

*"This shoe of mine it has a break!
Where is that darn adhesive tape?
Why, this stocking has a hole—
But then it's only on the sole.
Are we having room inspection?
I see where I'll be having session
Down in Sister's office—Gee,
I sure wish she'd lose that key!
Say, Lue, I wish you'd tell
The kids in line to save my spot,
I might not be there on the dot."*

*And for the stairs she'll make a leap—
We hope she'll stay up on her feet
Until she too can stand in line,
And with the other nurses chime,
"For goodness sake, those coming tardy,
Really ought to miss the party."
My friends if you can keep astride
With this poor nurse, then I'll not chide,
For she is yet the swiftest creature,
Ever called "a patient teacher."*

SHIRLEY JOHNSTONE.

Around

the

clock



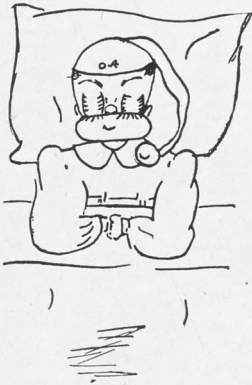
6 a.m.



6⁴⁵ a.m.



7¹⁵ p.m.



10. p.m.



10¹⁰ p.m.



7¹⁰ p.m.

The School of Medical Technology

On behalf of the members of the School of Medical Technology, I am most grateful for the privilege given me in presenting our sincere congratulations to the 1946 Graduating Class.

It is only right for those who share the same interests to rejoice in each other's success. As this day marks an important step forward in the achievement of your goal, we felicitate you and we are proud to share your joy. For the past year we have worked in close relationship and we have appreciated very much your kindness and tolerance. We hope that some day in the near future we will have a similar privilege, that of being called a graduated Technologist.

May I take this opportunity to extend to you the personal wishes of our good director, Dr. James Prendergast; of our devoted teacher, Sister Marie-Rose Tougas, and of each member of our Class: Miss R. Anderson, Winnipeg, Manitoba; C. Charette, St. Boniface, Man.; M. Turner, Winnipeg, Man.; E. Chypyha, Winnipeg, Man.; M. Mackonka, St. Norbert, Man.; D. Blier, St. Boniface, Man.; F. McLachlan, Laflèche, Sask.; I. Mailhot, Gravelbourg, Sask.; A. Dupuis, St. Elizabeth, Man.; P. Matthews, Melaval, Sask.; I. Lacerte, Norwood, Man.; T. Pereux, Pine Falls, Man.

By M. TURNER (Student).

The Sodality of Our Lady

The Sodality of Our Lady is an association founded by the Society of Jesus and approved by the Holy See which aims at fostering in its members an ardent love and devotion towards The Blessed Virgin Mary.

During the past year the Sodalists of our branch of the Sodality have striven towards this objective. We were lucky enough to have had the opportunity of sending two of our students to attend the S.S.C.A. in Montreal last June. The knowledge and instructions they obtained there were a great help in planning and carrying out our programs for the year.

Our Reception of new Sodalists into the Sodality on Dec. 8th was accompanied by our Membership Tea. Both were a great success under the able direction of Sr. Trottier, our Moderator, and a group of representatives from each committee under the direction of the Social Committee.

Our Rosary devotion for October was planned and successfully conducted by Our Ladies Committee. There was a good turnout every evening of the month for this devotion.

Our Eucharistic Committee favored us with such prominent guest speakers as Archbishop Cabina of St. Boniface; Father Stringer, a missionary from China; Father Wale, and Father Deschambault, our Father Director.

The yearly Retreat was a great success. It was preached by Fr. Mailhot, S.J., and half of the student body were fortunate enough to make their Retreat at the New Retreat House.

Stamps were very diligently collected by our Apostolic Committee for the Foreign Missions. The donation we usually give to Christmas cheer was greatly increased this year and sent as Christmas boxes to our nurses in Holland.

Pamphlet and other literature issued to us during the year by the Queens Work were distributed, and found to be both interesting and enlightening.

We hope to be able to send a representative to the S.S.C.A. in Montreal again this year, and also hope that St. Boniface Hospital Nurses' Sodality will continue to succeed in attaining its worthy objective.

V. L. LEATHERDALE
35 209
R. C. LEATHERDALE
61 696

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Success

*I asked, "What constitutes success?"
And I think you'll agree,
That he was right, when I tell you,
His very words to me:*

*"If any way you've aided them,
Or lessened their distress,
No matter what the world may think
You are a great success."*

COMPLIMENTS OF

AUDITORIUM
ROLLER RINK

A PLEASING TELEPHONE PERSONALITY

- To talk directly into the telephone with lips close to the mouthpiece.
- To speak pleasantly and distinctly in a normal tone of voice.
- To say "Goodbye" or otherwise close the conversation pleasantly.
- To hang receiver up gently when the conversation is completed.

Manitoba Telephone System

HUMOR??

Place—Dressing Room.

Dr. L. Kobrinsky—Where's my man?

Nurse MacKay—What are you looking for, Doctor?

Dr. Kobrinsky—A man.

Nurse MacKay—Oh! Aren't we all.

★ ★ ★

The moment the dentist touched Mandy's tooth she began to scream.
"Hush," said the dentist gently, "don't you know I am a painless dentist."
"Yas suh, doctor, I b'lieve you is painless all right, but I ain't."

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

SPEEDAWAY

Two ants were running at a great rate across a cracker box.

"Why are we going so fast?" asked one.

"Don't you see?" said the other. "It says, 'Tear along dotted line'."

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

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WINNIPEG

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-

Nurses' Caps, Etc.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

As never before we live in an age of opportunity. But we must not expect the door to open with a mere tap, we must knock hard and long.

Success is not something only to dream about. It is something to strive for and attain as a just reward for service rendered.

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Winnipeg Electric Company

Congratulations Graduates

Sterling Shoe Store

She must be an X-ray technician—no one else can see anything in him.

★ ★ ★

Life is sure a hit-and-miss affair—if you don't make a hit, you're a miss.

★ ★ ★

Miss Spice—What are the five kinds of bone?

Batty (after much thought)—Funny bone, wish bone, soup bone, backbone, and trombone.

★ ★ ★

Alarie has discovered a new way to have operations stopped for the day. All you have to do is lock the doctor's door.

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METROPOLITAN CAPITOL

Theatres

THE JOYS OF THE OBSERVATION WARD

*Before they go to bed each night
The nurses pray with all their might.
They kneel down and ask the Lord
That they may work on the Observation Ward!
What joy! What rapture!—Oh, happiness supreme!
This is the fulfillment of a nurse's dream—*

*Scarlet Fever, Measles and Mumps,
These will raise anyone out of the dumps.
The doctors and nurses don't catch them, you know,
But hasn't Doctor Dector got 21 days to go?
Is there anything sweeter to a nurse's ear
Than to hear the graduate say: "Oh, dear!
I can't seem to fix this tray,
Should we fumigate today?
Now scrub the floor and clean the sink.
What did I say, now let me think—
Oh! When you have time to spare—
Goodness me—don't stand and stare!"*

*The greatest pleasure of all I think
Is to be able to go up to the sink
And scrub your hands until they're stiff as a board.
Ah, these are the joys of the "Observation Ward."*

By a Patient,

SHEILA PERMACK.

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* * *

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*A Senior stood upon a railway track
A train came roaring past,
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Senior past.*

★ ★ ★

CUTE WILLIE

*Mother, at the morgue exclaimed,
Willie, at the toys he played,
Fumbling with a hand grenade.
Willie's sorta scatterbrained.*

★ ★ ★

*She stepped out boldly into the street,
No rubbers covered her tiny feet,
No umbrella had she—nor a coat,
Her new straw hat, well you must note
Far be it from her to start complaining,
She didn't get wet—
It Wasn't Raining!*

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My neighbor's little daughter, who had been suffering for some time with bad tonsils, was out playing water one cool morning. In passing, I noticed that she was getting soaked.

"Don't you know that you'll make your tonsils worse?" I asked.

After a moment she replied: "ell, that won't make any difference, I'm going to have them out anyway."

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People who have a half hour to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

★ ★ ★

Dignity is one thing that cannot be preserved in alcohol.

★ ★ ★

Doctor—I don't like to mention it, but the cheque you gave me came back.
Patient—That sure is funny, Doc; so did my lumbago.

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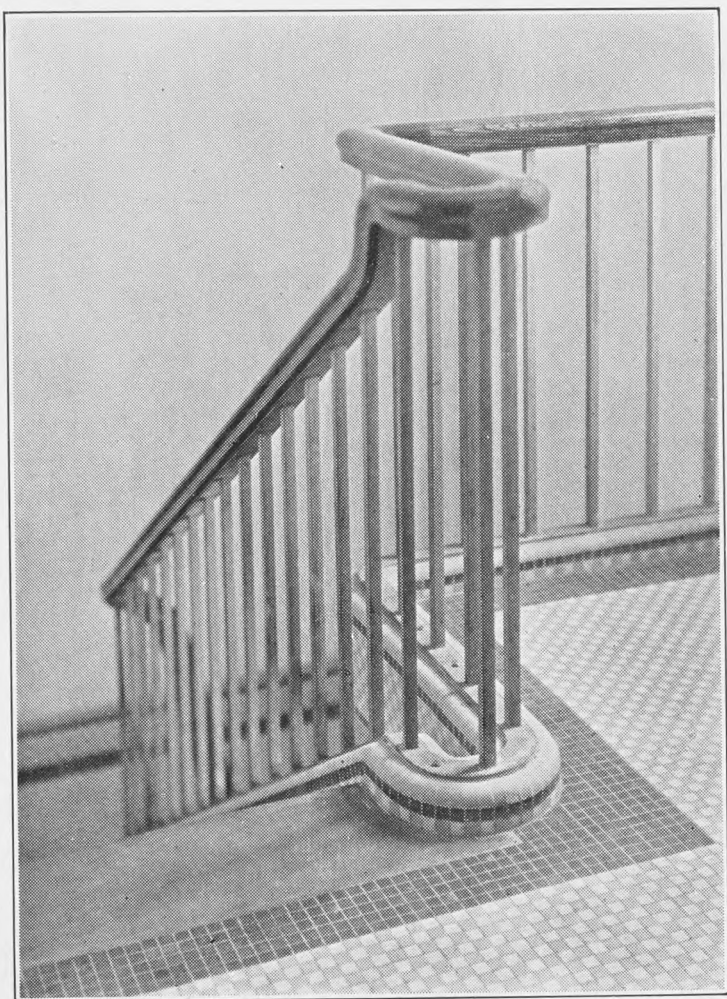
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*Time stands still on this memorable day,
Once graduation seemed so far away,
Now 'tis but the ending of a song,
Of the things we've loved these three years gone,*

*The clean smell of fresh laundered sheets,
The shepherd's pie, tomatoes and beets,
The ring around the bathroom tub,
The giggles, the squeals and the general hubbub,*

*The agile cockroach hanging on the wall,
The "Silence, sil-vous-plais," on the tunnel wall,
The cracked soup bowls with the monogram,
The Sunday treat of ice cream and ham,*

*The wall phone that's in constant use,
The elevator and its wicked abuse,
The lectures that linger till twenty to nine,
Living two weeks on hope and a dime,*

*The buzzer that rings once out of ten,
The "Any calls?" "No message!" and "When?"
The rad with it's sputtering and knocking sound,
The bulletin board; latest on lost and found,*

*The library invaded by eager probies,
The stockings available only at Sobies,
The Grandfather clock slowly ticking each hour,
The extremes, hot and cold of the bathroom shower,*

*Counting the days till holidays begin,
Wednesday "Y" night for swimming and gym,
The rendezvous at Chey Gays or Legros,
The morning snacks at Andrew's or Joe's,*

*The mottled tile floor with suspicious blue spots,
The night nurse's dream of soft comfy-cots,
The Yuletide log gracing each table,
The origin of the bird cage fable.*

*The letter box that's so eagerly scanned,
The "entrance complaints" of a tired gold band,
The hours spent on the tarry roof top,
The cubby-hole closets complete to the mop,*

*The tubs pillowed high for long hours of study,
The night-life that's hard on candles and buddy,
The daily routine of morning roll call,
The horror of "Pictures taped to the wall,"*

*The bending backward and forward by numbers begin,
The general late leave with its hustle and din,
Cupid at home on the front door step,
A record from Dorsey gives morning more pep,*

*The clubs for the talents of every lass,
The courage needed to plead for a pass,
The love of our teachers, sisters and friends so dear,
That made each one, a precious year,*

This above all, we'll remember and love.

Autographs

